



Shit, it's cold down here: Deep in the lower decks of the MS **Stubnitz**, a former coolship of the GDR's fishing fleet moored in Hamburg's HafenCity district, kilometers of pipes, floor panels, and steel girders have been slowly rotting away for 60 years. And right here, below the waterline, the Hamburg based band **HITANIC** has more or less comfortably settled in where tons of fish were once dumped: Rust drips from the ceiling onto greasy airplane seats that have seen ungodly things during hardcore raves on the steamer, which has been converted into a cultural ship. A chandelier scrapes quietly against the side of the ship, something rustles somewhere in the wreckage of a piano, maybe rats. Ashtrays overflow everywhere; definitely not a smoke-free household without pets.

Your breath condenses into steam in bursts. Anyone who wants to last more than ten minutes here will have to let it blast. And that's exactly what **HITANIC** does: Your hair buzzes with stoner rock, doom, and metal, inspired by the forefathers Black Sabbath and the following generations with Cathedral, Kyuss and Queens Of The Stone Age or Weedeater. Rough riffs, but focused on the melody. Lyrics that don't reflect for long, but feel – devotion and surrender, torn between loneliness and togetherness.

Freezing to death: It all began, fittingly, in the winter of 2024, with the song **Cold**. The main thing is to keep moving, because "you've got to live your life like you seem to care", as it says in the song **Find Yourself**. One hand for the ship, one hand for life.

By the way, it's beautiful on the **Stubnitz** in summer. But it's bad for this story.

Christophe Auweiler: Vocals, Guitar
Robert Günster-Rupp: Guitar
Marko Nold: Drums
Tino Lange: Bass



Releases: **Flow** (Single, April 2025)

HITANIC at Instagram, Spotify, Apple Music, Bandcamp etc.
Contact: hitanic@web.de | linktr.ee/hitanic

